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The Cold Machines



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Chapter 1 by GeneralSh

Humanity has been using machines for hundreds of years. Since the dawn of the modern age, machines, mechanical and electronic, have been the rage for everything from Politics to welfare. The Mech suits have been in operation for hundreds of years. The first models featured A.A.I., or Advanced Artificial Intelligence. It was the first, and only, mistake. The Intelligence of the machines made them think themselves as superior to the humans, and therefore seek to subjugate us, just as we used to do with many other species and even fellow races. They enslaved whole countries, forcing them to make even more suits with the A.A.I. Most countries, especially the richer, more stocked ones, fell quickly. The less mechs there were, the better. The people rebelled, fighting back against the Cold Machines, using hijacked suits of their own without A.A.I. to guide them. Doing so required a membrane attachment, permanently sealing the pilot in his suit. They can see what the mech sees, feel what it feels, and breath the same filtered air as it. The battles waged were so brutal and devastating that most areas were considered dead zones. But, eventually, the humans emerged victorious.

Or so it would seem.

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hostile towards them. The mechs themselves feel more than obligated to be their staunch protectors, but every day, more go missing. Something is not right.

Cabey was one of the last pilots to be inserted into a mech. It was over ten years ago, when she was just a child. Now, she is grown, and very experienced; almost unmatched in combat against mechs. She has volunteered to go with three other mechs to find a rescue team that went missing in a valley to the South a week ago. But what she will find will challenge her to her limit, and possibly even destroy her.

Chapter 2 by GeneralSh



Cabey woke up, her HUD slowly coming back to the land of consciousness with her. Lights flashed, readings activated, and engines started humming. Her two eyes blinked, and the mech's one eye blinked likewise. The light turned off, then back on. Why it does that, she'll never know. Some sort of glitch, probably. She then stood up, the gears, hydraulics, and pistons attached to her body supporting her. Her giant suit, on the other hand, needed no such support. It stood up to its giant, twenty-five foot height, its four arms lifting up, almost stretching as it shattered the ice that had frozen on it. Winter in Rusia is brutal, but the suit does its job amazingly at keeping the pilot alive.

Cabey took a step, mechanized treadmills underneath her moving with her, and the giant machine took its first step, crushing the ice, snow and dirt beneath her. She shrugged her shoulders, stretching her neck, and popped her knuckles. Taking more steps, she could see her friend and companion, Layson, waking too. His mech was an artillery class, with three legs and a gun that could take a mech down in a single shot. Ominously, he hasn't missed a shot. Ever.

"Layson, report in."

"It's bitter effing cold."

"Copy that."

"Why do we have to be assigned to Rusia?? Of all places..." Layson was agitated. he usually is.

"Oh well. Better get to it, we still have ten miles to cover before we reach the last known location of the rescue squad. Keep your eyes open, and your gun u--"

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devastating armament, a crushing charge attack, and four long, spindly arms, which are completely mobile and very capable of tearing electronics off of mechs. Her guns are meant to burn through armor, and her arms take care of disabling them. Very up close and personal.

"heads up, we got movement." Layson brought her back to the present, and she caught up with him.

"I don't see anything."

"Exactly. They're gone. I saw movement, but it's gone now... Something isn't right..."

"You're sure you saw something?"

"I'm a gunner, dammit, I know if i saw movement. Keep your damn eyes open."

Something isn't right about this. A.A.I., when they're here, always go for a head on attack. Her motion sensor is picking up movement, but she can't see them.

Then the ground exploded.

Chapter 3 by Garlic Bread



Everything was in slow motion...

It was the way a human body reacts to sudden extreme stress, adrenaline floods the body and for a few seconds, it causes everything to seem like it's in slow motion.

This is what was happening to Cabey as she watches Layson and his mech get blown backwards, the explosion was strong enough to toss them in the air.

She didn't go unscathed either, the explosion knocked her sideways. While she attempted to right herself, she scanned the frozen barren wasteland for the signs of movement that Layson was talking about earlier.

The problem was is that she was more adapted to close range fighting, spotting something far off in the distance isn't as easy as it sounds, especially when your mech's one eye was cracked

due to debris hitting it when she turned to look at her friend.

Despite all this she did catch a hint of movement out of her eye, a white blur that all but blended into the white background. It was gone in a flash, but she had seen it. They color themselves to match the environment but they're still going to be there. Now

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"Layson, are you okay?"

"Ya I'm fine, just got knocked down is all," he groaned out.

"I think I saw what you were talking about, they seem to blend in with the snow."

"Wait what, dammit, it was hard enough as it is to spot them!"

She knew that they also had their mechs camouflaged for the environment as well, but they must have went a step further. Mankind was always fighting, and they were always developing some new tech just for that purpose.

Before A.A.I's were finished in their development, there was another tech that was being made. Dynamic Environmental Camouflage Adapting, or D.E.C.A for short. It wasn't used due to the immense processing power it needed from onboard computers and at the time they weren't capable of doing it. The A.A.I was mankind's answer to solving problems such as these, until they lost control of them.

Now that they are able to use that tech, it's just another advantage to add on to the growing list.

Chapter 4 by Ender



When she signed up for this, Cabey expected head-on battles, no strategy, just spraying bullets at the A.A.I mechs, just like her previous battles, but this was something different. It was like the A.A.I knew where they were going to go, what they were thinking. Now Cabey had no choice but to use strategy and instinct. She had to think ahead, just like the A.A.I had.

"To defeat your enemy, be like your enemy".

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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